

The Bamberg Herald

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

Published every Thursday in The Herald building, on Main street, in the live and growing City of Bamberg, being issued from a printing office which is equipped with Mergenthaler linotype machine, Babcock cylinder press, folder, two jobbers fine Miehle cylinder press, all run by electric power with other material and machinery in keeping, the whole equipment representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

Subscriptions—By the year \$1.50; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. All subscriptions payable strictly in advance.

Advertisements—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion, subsequent insertions 50 cents per inch. Legal advertisements at the rates allowed by law. Local reading notices 5 cents a line each insertion. Wants and other advertisements under special head, 1 cent a word each insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six and twelve months. Write for rates. Obituaries, tributes of respect, resolutions, cards of thanks, and all notices of a personal or political character are charged for as regular advertising. Contracts for advertising not subject to cancellation after first insertion.

Communications—We are always glad to publish news letters or those pertaining to matters of public interest. We require the name and address of the writer in every case. No article which is defamatory or offensively personal can find place in our columns at any price, and we are not responsible for the opinions expressed in any communication.

Thursday, June 22, 1916.

The Democrats certainly have it on the rest of the parties this year. The St. Louis convention was a regular love feast for everybody present. The bosses, the conservatives, the progressives, the affirmatives and the negatives of the party were all enthusiastically agreed on one thing—and that one thing was Woodrow Wilson.

The Herald wishes its candidate friends to know that The Herald is one horse which to be ridden must be fed. We don't advertise anybody's candidacy for the asking—paper is too high and the kids must have new shoes once in a while. So if you want to ride, you must pay your fare. The Herald has plenty of space for advertising purposes—and it is for sale. And we don't know any better way to get elected than by advertising in The Bamberg Herald.

We think that Governor Manning did the right thing in not signing the two-quart act. The governor's explanation on another page will convince any fair-minded man that the governor considers that the cause of temperance would be endangered if he signed the act. The two-quart act is, without doubt, a huge joke, and the amendments tacked on to it were for no other purpose than to nullify the whole business. Even the author of the bill passed it up and asked the governor not to sign it.

We notice a good many of our contemporaries printing plate matter furnished free by the railroads in regard to the threatened strike of railroad employees. We don't think it is right to print this, for it presents only one side of the matter, and that is the side of the railroad. Unless such papers would print the other side (and it is furnished them—but not in set-up plate matter) they should refuse the use of the free plate. We are afraid some of our friends will print anything that is furnished them free in plate matter form.

The editor of the Barnwell Sentinel relates that he overheard the conversation below in a Barnwell store. We think that no comment is necessary; in fact we do not see that any comment can be made at all, so here is the conversation as related. Make your own deductions:

Just a few days ago the writer was in a store in this town. A small negro girl came in with a package. The following conversation ensued between the small girl and the merchant.

S. G. "Mama says please change these shoes; they are too small."
M. "When did you get them?"
(Taking package and unwrapping it.)
S. G. "She got them this week."
M. (In astonishment) "These shoes did not come from here."

S. G. "No, sir, I knows they didn't. Mama ordered them out of a Rears & Soebuck catalogue. They too small and she wants you to let her have a pair a size larger."

M. (Red in the face, choking with anger, slammed the shoes down on the counter) "—!!!XX*??*—!!! BANG! Take those shoes back to your mother and tell her to walk to Rears & Soebuck and have them change the shoes for her. Serves her right for sending her money off to mail order houses!"

An exchange prints the following letter it received some time ago:

"Please send me a few copies of the paper containing the death of my aunt. Also publish the enclosed clipping of my niece who lives at Lebanon. And I wish you would mention it in your local columns, if it don't cost anything, that I have two bull calves for sale. As my subscription is out please stop the paper. Times are too hard to waste money on newspapers."

This picture is decidedly overdrawn, and we do not believe that

newspapers receive many such letters. But they do receive a good many jolts in the pursuance of publishing a newspaper. For instance a subscriber the other day sent us word to please stop his paper; that his time had expired. Finding that the aforesaid subscriber owed us fifty cents, his time having expired some time ago, we asked him to please settle up so as to square the account; whereupon he informed us that he subscribed for one year. As we heard nothing from him, we presume this settles the matter. We had no instructions to stop the paper, and no doubt he would have considered that we doubted his honesty had we stopped the paper when the time was out. This is only one of the many problems that confront the newspaper man; and his job is perhaps no harder than anybody's else's, either. It's the way of the world—that's all.

Naming the Baby.

Grown-up folks are sensitive about their Christian or given names. More especially so if their name happens to be a "fancy" one or one of austere plainness.

We know of a man whose name is Eli. He hates it.

We know a young couple who called their first born Job. (They have a rich relative who glories in the same name.)

We know a middle-aged fat woman who writes under the name of Tiny (Really, can you beat it?)

When you name the baby, remember that the name is going to stick for a life time.

Don't call the baby anything "sweet," because your baby will grow up to be a big, rugged man or a regular life-sized woman.—Tampa Tribune.

First Night Success.

Albert Chevalier, the English actor, tells a good story about his early days on tour. After appearing one night at a small provincial hall he told the manager that he did not expect to get such a cordial reception as the audience had given him.

"What makes you say that?" said the manager. "I did not notice it."

"Didn't you hear them banging their walking sticks and umbrellas on the floor?" asked Chevalier.

"That wasn't applause," replied the manager. "The postoffice is on the floor above us, and they were stamping letters for the mail!"—Boston Post.

Fortunes for Seeds.

Kansas spends about \$14,000,000 annually for the seed necessary to plant the acreages devoted to the State's principal crops, according to an estimate made public by J. C. Mohler, secretary of the State board of agriculture. He points out that the estimate is based on last year's acreage and prices.

"Two-thirds of the \$14,000,000 is for wheat seed," the report says. "Kansas seeds each year more wheat than many States harvest. The value of the sorghum planted for forage comes next, amounting to \$1,205,814, while the oats sown is third, and amounts to \$1,146,907."

"It seems rather surprising that it only costs \$602,800 for the seed to plant the State's corn acreage, and taking the run of the years, corn is Kansas's most valuable product. More than \$500,000 is spent each year for Irish potato seed."

"Assuming that the average life of a stand of alfalfa in Kansas is ten years, and that one-tenth, therefore, is sown each year, there would be required seed worth approximately \$380,000. Barley, which is grown mostly in Western Kansas, requires an annual outlay of more than \$200,000 for seed, and the clover seed sown each year is probably worth \$15,000. The rye sown annually is rated at \$86,000. It only cost about \$65,000 for the seed to plant near 1,000,000 acres of kafir."—Topeka correspondence New York Sun.

The Sawdust Kind.

Charles S. Mellen, ex-president of the New Haven railway, was talking at a New York dinner party about a line of cross-examination to which he had been subjected, relates the Pittsburgh Post.

"It was a sterile line," he said. "A line with nothing in it. A line as futile and unsatisfying as those lines of heavily advertised breakfast foods that have all gone up in smoke."

"I remember when these lines were the rage, how one little girl said to another:

"I wonder what they feed dollies on?"

"I know," said the other little girl, "cause when my Lillian Russell fell downstairs and broke her head off her tummy was all stuffed full of breakfast food."

Britain's regular army costs the government \$1,500 a year each man.

"What is your idea of success?"

"It's everything some one else has done that I wish I could have done myself."—Detroit Free Press.

LIONS INVADE CITY.

Daring Animals Pursue Denverites and Police are Called Out.

Two large mountain lions, a male and female, invaded the northwest section of the city this morning, attacked two persons, and greatly alarmed residents of that section. The animals are still at large and a squad of police armed with rifles is seeking them.

While standing in her back yard Mrs. F. J. Carlin, of 3,129 West 25th avenue, was horror-stricken when a lion leaped the fence and started toward her. She fled toward the house, reached the door a few feet ahead of the lion and slammed it shut.

The other person attacked was J. H. Hubbard, of West 25th avenue and Meade street. While picketing out a cow this morning he encountered the two lions and fled. When last seen the lions were making for the foothills seven miles away.—Denver News.

Life in Oyster Bay.

Living in Oyster Bay has its responsibilities. Man cannot follow life's dull routine. There is more to be done than performing the duties of one's calling and the chores about the place. For instance, we notice that the village station agent, druggist and justice of the peace were pressed into service when George Von L. Meyer led a handful of "Republicans" up Sagamore Hill on Monday to surprise the colonel, who sat with dictated speech awaiting them.

Joining the delegations that call on the colonel and helping to fill "the trophy room" seem among the perquisites of Oyster Bay's parochial life. The Oyster Bayite does not have to depend on seeing the fast train go through or listening to the sound's lapping of the shores. Every time he sees a "bunch" approaching the raised portcullis of virtue citadel, all he has to do is to "tag on." His reward is a view of the colonel's gyrations as that ex-dignitary goes through the agonies of the presidential fever which afflicts him.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Rabbits Eat Haystacks.

So hungry did rabbits become during the week or ten days that the ice and snow covered the ground here, preventing them from obtaining their usual food from wheat and alfalfa fields, says Cottonwood Falls (Kan.) correspondence to New York Sun, that they could be shot by the dozens as they gathered around alfalfa stacks at night time to eat the alfalfa.

During one moonlight night Tom Mercer, a Homestead farmer, shot 12 large jack rabbits in less than half an hour as they came from all directions to an alfalfa stack close to his barnyard. He says that with the moonlight shining on the snow covered ground it was possible to see the rabbits as they came for the alfalfa while they were still a long distance away.

Many farmers found great holes eaten in the sides and tops of their alfalfa stacks where the starving rabbits fed nightly. The alfalfa stacks were about the only food supply the rabbits could find uncovered by the thick coating of ice and snow.

AGAINST STANDARD FROCK.

Editor Dreads Result of "Reform in Women's Dress."

The standardized car coupling makes a strong appeal to reason, and even the familiar standardized book review of commerce has something to be said of it. But who can awake a thrill at the proposal of standardized street clothes for women, mothered by the home economics department of the G. F. of W. C.? A few skinkint husbands-who-pay-the-bills, yes. The rest of the world will defend its frocks against all the armies of efficiency that can be mustered to the attack.

"It is a vital burning, economic question, and we extend the most cordial invitation to all interested—men, women, producers and consumers—to come and help in finding out that women are in dead earnest in wanting to save time, strength and money to put on higher pleasures than clothes can give, while properly desiring to look their best." So speaks Chairman Helen Louise Johnson, and if she is planning a campaign for more sense and taste in dress and less rubbish we are with her. But standardization is her text and we fear the worst—an eruption of those strange baglike envelopes which have through long tradition become the unvarying habilitment of dress reform, lean, tall, short or fat.

Stripes that cheer and silks that rustle, texture, line and inimitable hang—it can not be! The street clothes, above all else, must and shall be preserved. If spring ever turns the corner, we shall invite the chairman of the home economics department to walk down Fifth avenue herself and be convinced.—New York Tribune.

Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is yours to command quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smoke-appetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that cuts out bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



Copyright 1916
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

On the reverse side of this tidy tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made three men smoke pipes where one smoked before!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has a flavor as different as it is delightful. You never tasted the like of it! And that isn't strange, either.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that corking fine pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Safety First

Ehrhardt Banking Co., Ehrhardt, S. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$28,400.00

Our Motto: SAFETY FIRST, AND THEN EVERY ACCOMMODATION CONSISTENT WITH SAFE, SOUND CONSERVATIVE BANKING

There are a number of good reasons why you will find this bank a good place to deposit your savings:

We pay 4 per cent., compounded quarterly, on savings deposits. Our stockholders are to a large extent farmers, and our directors are among the most conservative men in this community. There are no interests connected with this bank, that are conducive to, or of a speculative nature. We are as liberal as safe banking will permit, and at all times we are trying to serve the best interests, and to uphold this community. We will be pleased to have your business, and assure you of our best care to same.

Ehrhardt Banking Co., Ehrhardt, S. C.

J. L. COPELAND, President J. C. KINARD, Vice-President A. F. HENDERSON, Cashier

DIRECTORS:

D. M. Smith, Charles Ehrhardt, J. I. Copeland, J. Wm. Carter, D. C. Copeland, M. A. Kinard, F. H. Copeland, J. C. Kinard, J. L. Copeland.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23

Mary Fuller

IN

"THE LITTLE FRAUD"

"For the Love of Mike and Rosie"
An L-Ko Comedy in 3 Reels

THIELEN THEATRE

University of South Carolina

Entrance Examinations.

Entrance examinations to the University of South Carolina will be held by the County Superintendent of Education at the county court house Friday, July 14th, 1916.

The University offers varied courses of study in science, literature, history, law and business. The expenses are moderate and many opportunities for self-support are afforded. Graduate students are available. Graduates of colleges in this State receive free tuition in all courses except in the School of Law. For full particulars write to the PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, Columbia, S. C. 7-5.

NOTICE.

State of South Carolina—County of Bamberg.

To all whom it may concern, please take notice:

That the undersigned has lost a certificate of the capital stock of the Bamberg Banking Company, of Bamberg, S. C., said certificate being No. 195, and also a certificate of the capital stock of the Cotton Oil Company, of Bamberg, S. C., said certificate being No. 72, and application will be made to said Bank and to said Cotton Oil Company on August 15th, 1916, for a duplicate certificate of each.

6-27. MRS. SALLIE R. OWENS.

NOTICE.

A deaf and dumb negro woman about 50 years old left my house at North, S. C., on the evening of the 8th of June, and was last heard from at Denmark, S. C. She has no teeth, has a dark skin, weight about 135 pounds. Any information leading to her whereabouts will be highly appreciated by the undersigned.

W. H. VARN.
North, Orangeburg Co., June 19th, 1916.

DON'T FORGET THE

WAR SALE

....AT THE....

Bamberg Dry Goods Store

Next to Bamberg Furniture & Hardware Co.

BAMBERG, S. C.

THIS IS THE LEVER THE LEVER LOCKS



HVVE YOU SEEN THESE NEW PENS?
A Full Line on Hand. Come in and see them

HERALD BOOK STORE